

THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 125 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

EDMUND DRACON,
HENRY PETERSON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER NINETEEN, ONE.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, A FAMILY PAPER, Devoted to News, Literature, &c.

TERMS (CASH IN ADVANCE).
SINGLE COPY \$2.00 A YEAR.

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THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT
PARADE," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Almost immediately following Mr. Carlyon's departure, on the night mentioned in the last chapter, there came a tremendous knock at the kitchen window, causing widow Gould to jump from her chair, and Mrs. Pepperly nearly to upset a saucepan she was holding over the fire. It was Judith, who had come in, and took that way of making her arrival known.

"What a fool you be, Judy, to come frightening folks like that!" exclaimed the widow. "Can't you come into the house quiet and decent?"

Judith came in and stood at the kitchen door.

"My face is bad, and I'm going to bed," she said, "but I thought I'd come in first and ask if I could do anything more for Mrs. Crane. Who's up with her?"

"Nobody now. Doctor Carlyon's just gone."

Judith went up stairs. She felt very tired, and had been up all Friday and Saturday nights; and, though she had gone to bed on Sunday night, she had slept but little from pain in her face, having, as she supposed, caught cold in it.

"Is that you, Judith?" Mrs. Crane asked, when she perceived Judith had entered. "How is your face now?"

"The pain's much easier," was Judith's reply; "Mr. Stephen Grey said it would be, now the swelling had come on. Can I do anything more for you, ma'am?"

"No, thank you, there's nothing more to be done. I suppose Mrs. Pepperly won't be long before she brings up my gruel. You can tell her I am ready for it, as you go down. You will be glad to get to bed, Judith."

"Well, ma'am, I shall, and that's the truth. For to lie tossing about with pain, as I did last night, tires one more than sitting up."

At that moment in came Mrs. Pepperly; a flaring candle in one hand, and, a tray, with a basin of gruel on it, in the other. Judith, always suspicious of Mrs. Pepperly, went close, and glanced into the basin, lest that lady should have seasoned it with a few drops of tallow, in her ascent. The gruel appeared to have escaped, and Mrs. Crane burst into a hearty fit of laughter. Judith and Mrs. Pepperly turned to her in amazement.

"I cannot help it," she said; "it is your face I am laughing at, Judith. I never saw such a one; it looks just like a full moon."

"Twould, mumm, if it warn't too white," added Mrs. Pepperly.

"Never mind the looks," cried Judith, "so that I am easy. The more it swells the easier the pain will be, Mr. Stephen said; and the swelling will soon go down again."

Judith departed for the night. Mrs. Pepperly arranged the basin of gruel conveniently on the bed, and stood by, while it was eaten.

"Has Mr. Stephen Grey sent in the composing draught?" Mrs. Crane inquired.

"It's in the other room, mumm; but you mustn't take it, just upon the gruel. It come while Mr. Carlyon were here, and he tasted of it. Just like them doctors; they're safe to put their tongues to each other's medicines."

About half-past nine, or a quarter to ten, after Mrs. Crane had been made comfortable for the night, Mrs. Pepperly pronounced it time for the composing draught.

"Just light me to get it, will you?" she asked of the landlady, who was then in the bedroom.

It was on the cheffonier, where she had placed it. She took it into the bedroom, poured its contents into a large wine glass, and Mrs. Crane drank the whole.

"How do I smell?" whispered Mrs. Gould, who had stood by with the candle.

"So it do; Mr. Carlyon said it did, himself, but them doctors' noses be quick."

"It don't want much quickness to smell this," sniffed the landlady.

"It was just at the moment as I'd took my drop short, and you know—"

An awful cry! bringing Mrs. Pepperly's words to a standstill; an awful cry of alarm and agony! but whether it came from Mrs. Crane on the bed, or Mrs. Gould by her side, or from both, Mother Pepperly was too much startled to know.

Oh, then was commotion in the chamber! What was amiss with their patient? Was it a

fainting fit, or was it death? Was it the desire of God that was taking her, or had some fatal medicine been given to her, in error for the right?

There is no mistaking death by those accustomed to the sight; and Mrs. Pepperly, more thoroughly sobered in the brain than she often was, wrung her hands.

"It's death!" she exclaimed to Mrs. Gould; "as sure as that you and me's living here, it's death, and she's gone. That physic must have been poison, and perhaps they'll try us both for giving it to her, and hang us after it!"

With a hullabaloo that might have been heard a mile off, Mrs. Gould tore down the stairs. She was certainly scared out of her senses just then. Partly with consternation and terror at the event just happened; partly with fear induced by the nurse's remark, as to possible trouble for them; partly with horror at finding herself in the presence of the dead. She burst out at the street-door, left it open, and went panting up the street, some vague idea running through her confused brain of fetching Mr. Grey. A few yards from her own door, she ran against Mr. Carlyon.

Without a word of explanation, for she was too breathless and bewildered to give it, she seized his arm and began to run back again, pulling him with her. Mr. Carlyon appeared not to relish so summary a mode of proceeding.

"Oh, sir, this will kill some of us!"

Mr. Grey, a strong-minded, decisive man, quick in speech, was apt at times to be a little stern; like Judith, he had no patience with nervous nonsense. He was a very tall man, taller than his brother, with aquiline features, and keen, dark eyes.

"What will kill some of us, Mr. Gould? Our nerves!"

The widow stepped close up to him.

"Where's Mr. Stephen, sir? Oh, sir, she's dead! and it's that draught which Mr. Stephen sent down to-night, that has killed her."

"Who is dead?" repeated Mr. Grey, in wonderment. "What draught? What are you talking of?"

The lady Mr. Stephen's attending at my house, sir. She sent her a sleeping draught, to-night, and there must have been poison in it—for she died almost the minute she had swallowed it. I mean Mrs. Crane, sir," she added, seeing Mr. Grey looked as if he could not understand her.

"Dead!" he uttered.

"Stone dead, sir. Mr. Carlyon said I had better come up for Mr. Stephen. He's there with Mr. Lycett."

Mr. Grey closed his own door and entered his brother's house, the widow following him. Frederick Grey, hearing them enter, came into the hall.

"Is your father in, Frederick?"

"No, Uncle John. I don't suppose he'll be long. I don't know where he's gone, though."

"Did he make up a draught to-night for Mrs. Crane, do you know?"

"Yes, I know he did, for I was in the surgery. A composing draught. Why? It was sent."

"Why it have just killed her, Master Frederick," put in Mrs. Gould. "It were prussic acid, they say, and no composing draught at all."

"What thundering nonsense!" echoed the boy, who appeared to have caught only the last part of the speech.

"Nonsense, is it, sir," sobbed the widow. "She's dead."

Frederick glanced quickly at his uncle, as if for confirmation, or the contrary.

"I'm going down there, Frederick; Mrs. Gould says she is dead. Tell your father to follow me, as soon as he comes in."

Mr. Carlyon hesitated, and the words caused the three gentlemen near the bed to look round. "Is he dead?" asked Mr. Carlyon, looking at the two brothers.

"Perfectly so, sir." It was Mr. John Grey who answered.

"Mr. Stephen Grey has suggested a doubt of foul play," began Mr. Carlyon when he had closed the door; "but is it possible that there can be any grounds for it? I ask, because you, gentlemen, are all better acquainted with these two women than I. If either, or both of them—"

"Goodness, man," interrupted Mr. Stephen, in his impulsive, free way, "you don't suppose I suspect Mother Pepperly or the old widow? Pepperly has her besetting sin, which is drink; and the widow is a foolish, timid woman; but they would not commit murder, as soon as he comes in."

"Rubbish!" retorted Mr. Whittaker. "Mr. Stephen told me to night, she was as good as well. Who says it?"

"Mother Gould. She has been up here to fetch them. Uncle John is gone down, leaving word for papa to follow him; tell him, will he, as soon as he comes in."

Frederick Grey vaulted off, and caught up to Mrs. Gould as she was closing her door. He stole up stairs after his uncle.

Mr. John Grey entered the chamber, only to find a corpse, as Mr. Carlyon and the clergyman had done. He first satisfied himself that she was really dead, and then began to search out particulars. Mr. Carlyon directed his attention to the bottle.

"Mr. Grey," he said, "you know how chary we medical fraternity are of bringing an accusation, or casting blame one against another—but I do fear some unfortunate error has been committed."

"If I understood Mr. Stephen Grey right, he did not intend to cast suspicion upon any one," interrupted Mr. Lycett. "His remark arose simply from the want of being able to account for the mystery."

"Precisely so," assented Mr. Stephen. "If my thoughts had a bent, one way more than another, it was whether the medicine could have been exchanged or tampered with between my house and this."

"It is not likely," said Mr. Grey; "Dick carries out his medicines in a covered basket, but another idea has suggested itself to me. Stephen, you have seen more of this unfortunate young lady than any one present. I never set eyes on her till now, and I dare say you, Lycett, can say the same. Mr. Carlyon has seen her once."

"This phial has certainly had prussic acid in it; but it is impossible that it can have been sent by my brother," remarked Mr. Grey.

"He may not have made it up himself," interrupted Mr. Carlyon. "Is the handwriting his? draught to be taken at bed time. Mrs. Crane."

"That is his; and I believe he made her draught up himself. But as to his having put prussic acid in it—I feel sure that he did not."

Mr. Carlyon turned. The empty bottle, which had contained the draught, lay there, the cork in. He took out the cork, smelt it, recorked it, and laid it down with an angry Mrs. Crane.

"Where is the bottle?" inquired Mr. Carlyon.

"The bottle?" repeated Mother Pepperly, where, now, did I put it? Oh, it's behind you, air; there; on the little table at the bed's head."

Mr. Carlyon turned. The empty bottle, which had contained the draught, lay there, the cork in. He took out the cork, smelt it, recorked it, and laid it down with an angry Mrs. Crane.

"Do you smell anything wrong?" inquired

Mr. Lycett, who was standing on the opposite side of the bed.

For answer, the surgeon handed him the phial, and Mr. Lycett removed the cork for one moment, and put it in again. It was quite sufficient.

"Where did the draught come from?" he exclaimed, but he spoke in haste; the next moment he saw, by the label, that it came from the Messrs. Grey.

Mr. Carlyon took the phial, and replaced it on the table.

"Mrs. Gould," he said, "you had better step up, and fetch Mr. Stephen Grey."

Glad to be away from the death chamber, yet afraid to stay by herself below, Mrs. Gould was not sorry to be sent on the errand. It was a lovely moonlight night, and Mr. John Grey was standing at his door, where he had just been talking to a neighbor; very surprised was he to find the Widow Gould awaiting him, as well as she could, for her sons.

"Oh, sir, this will kill some of us!"

Mr. Grey slightly pointed to the bed as he spoke. Frederick Grey, who had stood by listening, suddenly stepped up to him.

"Have you the draught with you, sir?"

"Of course I have," replied Mr. Carlyon, but he did not appear pleased with the lad's tones, so fearless and haughty. "Here it is," he said, taking it from his pocket; "you will find no prussic acid in this."

Frederick Grey took it from his hand, waited, and snuffed it, just as Mr. Carlyon had done by the fireplace. Doctors, as Mrs. Pepperly had remarked, liked to put their tongues to physic, and Frederick had, perhaps, caught the habit, for he was already an apprentice to the profession.

"No, there's no prussic acid in that," said he. "Father was there in the draught made it—for my father. I stood by him the whole of the time, and watched him do it."

"Who brought the draught there, Frederick?" demanded Mr. Grey.

"The boy, uncle."

They were interrupted by Mr. Stephen Grey. To describe his grief and consternation when he saw his dead, would be impossible. Young Whittaker had given him the message—that Mrs. Gould had been up with a tale that Mrs. Crane had died; but Mr. Stephen, who knew the widow and her fears of old, had set it down that the lady was only in a fainting fit. Mr. Stephen heard the details with astonishment; they were unaccountable; but he repelled with indignation the suspicion of error affecting himself.

He laid his hand lightly on the brow of the corpse. "I declare," said he, in an earnest, solemn tone, "in the presence of what remains of this poor young lady; may, I declare it in a more solemn presence—that of God—who now bears me, that there was no prussic acid, or any other poison whatever, in the draught I sent her here this night. Some foul play has been at work; or else some most grievous and unaccountable mischance."

Mr. Carlyon moved round the bed, motioned to the nurse and Widow Gould to leave the room, and standing with the door in his hand, would have motioned Frederick Grey from the hall. The latter was standing against the wall near it, and he did not move in answer to the sign. "I'd rather stay in, Mr. Carlyon, if I may," he fearlessly said. "Is there any reason why I may not?"

Mr. Carlyon hesitated, and the words caused the three gentlemen near the bed to look round.

"Is he dead?" asked Mr. Carlyon, looking at the two brothers.

"Perfectly so, sir." It was Mr. John Grey who answered.

"Mr. Stephen Grey has suggested a doubt of foul play," began Mr. Carlyon when he had closed the door; "but is it possible that there can be any grounds for it? I ask, because you, gentlemen, are all better acquainted with these two women than I. If either, or both of them—"

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"Precisely so,"

Men have destroyed it. Go home to bed, boy; you have done enough mischief for me right."

The words were spoken sharply, and Frederick Grey felt their full sting. An agonizing remorse for the thoughtless impudence he had committed, was taking possession of him. He did not retreat; he was too completely cowed down; he only longed to be away from all eyes, where he might indulge his repentance—where he might ponder over the means, if there were any, of remedying his fault; where he might pray to God to turn away the evil; he wished his uncle good-night in a humble voice, and then turned to his father.

"Good-night, and God bless you, my darling boy!" said Mr. Stephen, warmly kissing him: "you did not do wrong intentionally."

And Frederick, when he gained his own chamber, threw himself on the bed undressed, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

The town of South Wannock formerly consisted of one long street only, called High Street, but of late some additions had been made to it, and the long street was made longer, the new houses called Palace Street, chiefly consisting of terraces and semi-detached villas, being built to it at one end; and other buildings being added to it at the other. A few years back, the only good house at the other end of the town was the White House, now inhabited by Mr. Carlyon, but many more had been built since, and these new buildings were called Rise End Street, chiefly because they led directly to the hill called the Rise, where were also many new buildings. Altogether, South Wannock could still be said to possess but one long street, though it was called by three distinctive names.

On the morning after the death, this street was in commotion from one end of it to the other: Rise End, High Street, and Palace Street. People stood in groups, discussing the tragedy; on the pavement, in the high road, inside shops, at private doors, they congregated, but one theme in their minds and on their tongues. The previous day, Monday, had been rather a fruitful one for the gossip-mongers, inasmuch as they had found food from the account to Mr. Carlyon and his servant; but, what was that pality bit of news compared to this? The circumstances were pretty accurately known, and the universal opinion was, that Mr. Stephen Grey must have committed the error in making up the medicine.

"I've driv my horses for fifteen year, and never throwed 'em down to kill my passengers yet, but that's no reason why I mayn't have the ill-luck som day," spoke the coachman of a four-horse stage, plying daily between two certain towns, and passing through South Wannock on its road. "And that's just it, perhaps, with Mr. Stephen Grey. He have been a accurate man up to now, but he may have made the mistake at last; the best of us is liable to 'em, as I'm sure the gentlemen standing round knows."

The gentlemen standing round nodded. They formed part of a large group, collected near the Red Lion inn, in the middle of High Street, and were of various grades and standing, gentlemen, tradesmen, and laborers. In a small country town, where the inhabitants are all well known to each other, they like to converse together familiarly, with little regard to social position.

"Like me," struck in the blacksmith, "I druv a nail right into a horse's foot last week, and lame'd him; and I'll be upon my word such a awk'd accident hasn't happened to me—no, not for years."

"Look at poor Toker, too! how many a hundred times had he gone up the river in that punt of his'n, and al'ays come home safe, till last Friday was a fortnight, and then he got drowned at last."

"I'm sorry for Stephen Grey, though," observed a gentleman, "for if it has been caused by his mistake, he'll feel it all his life. A tender-hearted man is Stephen Grey."

"Mr. John Grey told me this morning, as a proof that the jar their prussic acid is kept in could not have been touched, that it was covered with cobwebs, and remained so covered, after the lady was dead; only young Master Fred officiously wiped them off."

There ensued a silence.

"It had been better, then, that they had let the cobwebs remain, so that the coroner and jury might have seen them"—and the speaker's voice had a tone of skepticism in it.

"John Grey is an honorable man. He would not tell a lie."

Half the collected group shook their heads.

"We don't know what we might do, any of us, towards the saving of a brother."

"I look here," broke out another voice. "How could the poison have got into the draught, except when it was being made up?" And how could Carlyon have smelt it, the moment it got inside the door, if it had not been there?"

"Of course it was there. She would not have died if it had not been there."

"There's my argument. Stephen Grey must have made the error in mixing the medicine. It's all very well to say young Fred wiped the cobwebs of the bottle. Perhaps he did, but not before they had been previously disturbed."

"Talking about young Fred," spoke up a substantial grocer, "he was going by my shop this morning, and I spoke to him. 'My father mixed the draught correctly,' he said: 'I saw him do it, and I can be upon my word that not a drop of poison went into it.' 'Can you be upon oath, Master Frederick?' returned I, just by way of catching the young gentleman. 'Yes, I can, if necessary,' said he, throwing his head back haughtily, and looking in my face full, in his fearless way, 'but my word is the same as my oath. Mr. Plumstead, My gentleman was quite corked with me.'

"Young Fred is a chip of the old Grey block, fearless and honorable," remarked another. "He may have noticed nothing wrong, and, if the boy says he didn't, I don't believe he did. But Stee Grey had got his needle full of champagne when he was compounding the draught. He and Fisher had been sucking it in, drinking Fisher's wedding-day, or something of the sort."

"Why, I heaved, sir," put in the coachman again, "as Mr. Stephen said as how Mr.

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Fisher could be a witness for him, for he saw him make up the poison."

"Here comes Fisher," interrupted another, as a pleasant-looking man of thirty or thereabouts, approached the group. "How d'ye do, Fisher? We had just got your name in our mouths. Is it true that your champagne made Stephen Grey soapy last night, and led him to take prussic acid for syrup of senna?"

"That's right! go it, all of you!" sarcastically uttered Fisher, who was a land agent and auctioneer. "Stephen Grey knows better than to get soapy on my champagne or on anybody else's. Now, I'll just tell you the rights of the case. It was my wife's birthday, and after tea I opened a bottle of champagne, and just at the moment I saw Stephen Grey going by, and beckoned him in, to help drink her health. My wife had two glasses out of it, and Stee and I finished the rest; and if you think that that quantity, divided between us, could affect her nerves or mine, why I have done.—Stee Grey was as sober when he went out of my house, as I am now. I went with him and saw him compound this identical, fatal medicine."

"And can bear witness that he put no prussic acid into it then, Fisher!"

"Not I. If it was said to be composed of prussic acid, I couldn't tell to the contrary. I saw him pour two or three liquids together, but whether they were poison, or whether they were not, I can't tell. How should I know his bottles apart?" And if I did, I took no notice, for we were laughing and joking all the time. This morning, when I was in there, Mr. Whittaker showed me the place of the prussic acid, and I can be upon my oath that no bottle, so high as that, was taken down by Mr. Stephen. So far I can say."

Nevertheless, the probabilities appeared too overwhelming against Mr. Stephen Grey. A sort of tide set in against him: not against the man personally, but against the possibility of the draught having been fatally impregnated by any hands but his. The rumors and the gossip were promulgated in the town, growing higher hour by hour, until at length the version, most people adopted, was this: that Stephen Grey and Thomas Fisher were "half-screwed," that in compounding the draught they were "chaffing" together, and that, what with his "screwed" condition and what with the "chaff," Stephen Grey must have unwittingly committed the error.

In vain Frederick Grey denied both assertions. So little was his father "screwed" that he had failed to perceive that he had taken anything, and was unconscious of the fact, but to assert this, or to reiterate the declaration that, from his own knowledge, looking on, the correct medicine had been used, was a hopeless task, for the townspersons had made up their minds. "Let it rest, Frederick," said Mr. Stephen to his son, "they will be convinced sometime."

"But—just meanwhile!" thought Frederick with a swelling heart. Ay, what, in the meantime, might happen to his father? Would he be committed for manslaughter? tried, convicted, and punished!

Upon none did Mrs. Crane's death produce a more startling shock than upon Judith Ford. Mrs. Jenkins' house, the old lady being an early bird, had gone to rest when it happened, so that even Margaret did not know of the tragedy, passing so near her, until the next morning. She did not disturb Judith at once to tell her. She knew her sister had need of rest, and Judith, who had leave to lie late, was not down till past nine. Margaret was at her breakfast in the kitchen.

"Why your face looks pretty high itself again!" began Margaret, "and you're left off the wraps."

"Yes, the swelling's gone down, and the pain's better. Margaret, you ought to have called me, not let me lie so late as this. Thank you: I don't think I can eat. I'll only have some tea. I'll take a bit of bread-and-butter later, may be."

Margaret busied herself pouring out a cup of tea for her sister, but her mind was not upon her employment: she was a sensitive girl, could not bear to break the news to her, and was ruminating upon how she should best do it. Before she decided, Mrs. Jenkins' bell rang, and Margaret had to answer it.

"I wonder how Mrs. Crane is this morning?" exclaimed Judith, as she returned. "Have you heard?"

"I—I'm scared she's not quite so well this morning," responded Margaret. "Do eat a bit of bread-and-butter, Judy: you'll want it."

"Not so well!" returned Judy, unheeding the exhortation to eat, "has fever come on?"

"No, it's not fever. They say—they say—that the wrong medicine has been given to her," brought out Margaret, thinking she was accomplishing her task cleverly. "It's more than I can understand; but it—it—they say the effects will kill her."

Judith gulped down her hot tea, and rose.

Margaret caught her as she was escaping through the door. "Don't go, Judy: stop here: you can't do any good."

"I must go, Margaret: those two women, in there, are not worth a rush, both put together, and if she's in danger, poor young lady, you won't see me back again till she's out of H. Margaret, there, you have no right to detain me!"

She strove to force herself out. Margaret contrived to get the door shut, and placed her back against it. "Sit down in that chair, there: just for a minute, while I tell you something. It's of no use for you to go in, Judy: don't you understand, or must I speak plainer?"

Judy had sat down on the chair: she was staring hard at her sister. "Of no use? No, I don't understand."

"It's all over, Judy: it was over at ten o'clock last night. She's dead."

The same hard stare on Judith's face: she did not speak; perhaps she could not yet realize the sense of the words. Margaret continued:

"Mr. Stephen Grey sent her in a sleeping draught, to be given the last thing. He made some extraordinary mistake in it—extraordinary for the Greys—and sent poison. As soon as she drank it, she died."

"Young Fred is a chip of the old Grey block, fearless and honorable," remarked another. "He may have noticed nothing wrong, and, if the boy says he didn't, I don't believe he did. But Stee Grey had got his needle full of champagne when he was compounding the draught. He and Fisher had been sucking it in, drinking Fisher's wedding-day, or something of the sort."

"Why, I heaved, sir," put in the coachman again, "as Mr. Stephen said as how Mr.

He, stony whiteness, but there was the same hard, uncomprehending lookness in it. It suddenly changed, the hard look for intelligence, the uncertainty for horror. She uttered a low piercing shriek, and hid herself in her hands.

"Now this is just what I thought it would be—you do take on as!" related Margaret. "It's shocking, it's dreadful for the unfortunate young lady, but still she was a stranger to us."

Judith was shivering. Presently she raised her head. "Mr. Stephen sent poison, do you say?"

"They say it. It's odd to me if he did. But her death, poor thing, seems a proof positive."

"Then he never did send it," emphatically uttered Judy. "Oh, Margaret, this is awful! When did she die?"

"Well, I believe it was really about a quarter or ten minutes to ten last night. Mr. Carlyon went there, it appears, after Mr. Stephen, and he smelt the poison in the bottle. He went off to the Greys to speak to Mr. Stephen and ask if it was right, but she had taken it before he could get back again. That's what Dame Gould told me this morning."

Judith was looking stony again. "If Mr. Carlyon smelt the poison, why did he not forbid it to be given to her?" she said after a while.

"Well—upon my word I forgot. I think, though, they said he did forbid it. I know Mrs. Gould gave some explanation."

"I must go in, and learn more." Margaret, said Judith, in a resolute voice, rising.

"Ay, you may go now. I only wanted to break it to you first."

Judith was allowed to see the corpse. It was lying as it had died, and a policeman held charge of it. She restrained her tears: she was too full of horror, of doubting thought, to give way to tears. Mrs. Pepperpot and the widow, now that their fright was a little eased, were visible, and Judith heard as much as they may prefer.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will apply the same numbers if we have these. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubbers always to be sent in advance. When the sum is large, it may be paid in installments.

If possible, the amount which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 139 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth a clean copy of.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are \$8 a year, if paid in advance—\$3, if not paid in advance. THE FIRST YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION MUST ALWAYS BE PAID IN ADVANCE. For \$8, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms in Clubs:

One Copy, and four Engravings of Niagara Falls. \$3.00

One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine. \$1.00

One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book. \$1.50

Two Copies of THE POST. \$2.00

Four Copies of THE POST, and one engraving of Niagara Falls. \$5.00

Eight Copies of THE POST, and one paper to gather up Club. \$10.00

Thirteen Copies of THE POST, and one paper to gather up Club. \$15.00

Twenty Copies of THE POST, and one paper to gather up Club. \$20.00

Thirty Copies of THE POST, and one paper extra, and one engraving of Niagara Falls. \$30.00

THE SPEAKING LIKENESS.

THE SPEAKING LIKENESS is a large and beautiful steel engraving, will be sent to every subscriber to THE POST for \$3, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving is \$10.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE PENCE in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to pay the postage to our readers.

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GAS.

A correspondent of The Press says:—

Mr. Korron: Do you know, and do the people of Philadelphia know, how beautifully they are being done in gas? Let any one compare his gas bill for the last three months with that for the corresponding three months of the year 1855, and he will see.

One common and almost universal mode of "doing" the community in gas, is to fill the meters with water above the proper water level.

We should not be surprised if nineteen gas meters in twenty—not only in this city, but in other cities—were at this moment registering falsely, owing to the unfairness of the agents of the companies in filling them with water above the level of the side screw.

Our readers however can easily test this. Let them go down into their cellars in the daylight, and proceed as follows: 1. Turn off the gas entirely, at the large stop cock. 2. Take out the screw in the bottom of the meter, where the water is poured in. 3. Take out the side screw, which denotes the proper water level. If the water, in nineteen cases out of twenty, does not pour out of this in a stream, instead of just trickling out—as it ought to do—then we are greatly mistaken in the general honesty of gas companies.

LAW HUNT AND HAROLD SKIMPOL.—Mr. Dickens has at length done what, as we said some months ago, he should have done at first, denied, under his own hand, that in drawing the character of Harold Skimpole he intended to picture Mr. Leigh Hunt. It seems, however, that Mr. Dickens did base the character of Skimpole upon that of Hunt, so far as the airy and versatile qualities of the character were concerned. Mr. Dickens says:—

of years. If such a thing were to happen, the probability is that it would be testified to at the time in regular affidavit, by all the persons on board both vessels. Instead of this, thirty years elapse, and then the captain tells it to Mr. Owen. The skeptical reader who knows the marine habit of mind, will infer that the gallant tar, when he met Mr. Owen, thought it a fair opportunity for bailing off a pretty tough yarn! Who knows? Or perhaps the captain deceived himself. Who that has had any experience of men, has not known people through whose imagination some simple occurrence rolled from year to year, gathering like a snowball as it ran, till at length it grew into a tale wild as the Arabian Nights, and as far removed from fact, and yet they believed it all! He who described his opponent as one "indebted to his fancy for his facts," did not merely jest, but uttered a cold truth. There are a dozen explanations of such a story as Mr. Owen had from this seaman, every one far more credible than the one he gives. Lying is not rare in this world. Faëro-mania, or the mania for falsehood, is a well-established moral disease, named in the medical books as such. Does Mr. Owen know how many people are infected with it?

We might criticise many things "here set down." Take for instance the marvelous narratives which rest upon the evidence of Baron Goldenstein. Baron Goldenstein is a professional medium of European celebrity, and with his natural bias for Spiritualism, it is neither foolish nor fair to introduce him here. He is an interested party, which rules out his evidence. For aught we know, he may be a second Cagliostro. The testimony of such a person should, for obvious reasons, have no place in Mr. Owen's work. Still, when all is said, the work is an important contribution to the discussion of the subject, and much credit is due to Mr. Owen for the candor and courage, the cool rational temper, and the general intellectual ability he has brought to his side of the debate. We hope that his book will aid in the settlement of the mysterious question that agitates so many minds, though it may be that the question will be solved in a way that the Spiritualists little dream of.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR THE YEAR 1860. Crossby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

THE EIGHTEEN CHRISTIAN CENTURIES. By Rev. JAMES WHITE. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

MURPHY'S GAMES: A SELECTION OF THE BEST GAMES PLAYED BY THE DISTINGUISHED CHAMPION IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. By J. LOWENTHAL. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

HITS AT AMERICAN WRITERS AND HINTS FOR HOME USE. By FREDERIC W. SAWYER. Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

JESUS, THE INTERPRETER OF NATURE: AND OTHER SERMONS. By THOMAS HILL. Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

TITLE HUNTING. By E. L. LEWELLYN. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MESMERIZING PLANTS.—Mesmerism has "taken to the wood" at last. A French experimenter has recently given a short statement of some experiments he had been trying on plants, and the vigorous growth of "green" is nearly as marvellous as when tried upon animals.

M. Seydel having planted in a box two rose-trees of the same species and similar size, and each tree three years old, and having placed them in a window with a southern aspect, he mesmerized one of them every day, and watered it with mesmerized water; the other was not mesmerized, and was watered with ordinary water. At the end of three weeks, the mesmerized rose-tree had eighteen fine roses, and greatly exceeded its neighbor in size and vigor. On the other tree only a few partly opened buds were to be seen. The same experimenter made a similar experiment with two nightshades, which had been planted at the same time and in the same mould, and in a similar aspect to that of the rose-tree. Seeing that one of these appeared drooping and backwards, while the other was in vigorous health, he immediately began to mesmerize the sickly plants by means of mesmerized water, as well as directly, while the other plant was watered with common water only.

At the end of a fortnight, M. Seydel saw with satisfaction that the formerly drooping night shade had grown to the height of eighteen inches, while the other was only ten inches high; the root of the former was found to be four inches long, while that of the latter was only two inches. Lastly, the flowers of the nightshade, which had not been mesmerized, were far from being as numerous, and having as fine a color as those of the plant which had been so treated. Another instance of the effect of mesmerism on plants, is of two geraniums, one of which was withered, and had never more than one single leaf, which was no sooner formed than it faded and fell off, while the other plant was constantly green and vigorous. The withering plant was mesmerized, and after a few days it had several leaves, and moreover, it produced flowers sooner than the other, which had not been sickly.

A SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.—The Boston Traveler tells the story of the marriage of a dentist of that city with a lady medium, his wonderful matrimonial experiences and the ultimate dissolution of that affinity, after 18 months. The dentist was introduced, some two years ago, to a lady whose husband had deserted her and gone to Kansas, since which she had taken up the profession of spiritual mediumship. She was fair and attractive, and admiration of her spiritual gifts, combined with her personal charms to captivate the bachelor's heart. Beside the spirits told them they were made for each other, and they were willingly obedient to the heavenly vision. They were married, but the honeymoon had hardly begun when the wife became subject to strange trances, during which she would pull her husband's hair, scratch him and otherwise violently belabor him, most commonly when he was in bed and exposed and defenceless. When she was aroused from the trance she was full of regrets at what had happened. At the bidding of the spirits he took her with him to Texas, where she proclaimed him an abolitionist, and he narrowly escaped violence at the hands of the mob. When they got back, the spiritual persecutions continuing, and the poor husband finding that his sufferings of mind, body and estate were greater than he could bear, suggested a separation, and obtained it by paying handsomely. After the separation the woman confessed that she had imposed upon him throughout, that her trances were feigned, that she beat and scratched him because she wanted to, and that all the spiritual messages he had received were of her own manufacture.

A CANNON-BAL MIRACLE.—The New Orleans (Louisiana) Bulletin states that, a few days ago, a young deaf and dumb man, who had been in that condition for three years past, was praying in the St. Louis Cathedral, when the report of a cannon, which was firing a salute, ruptured something in his ears and breast, instantly restoring his speech and hearing.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A MAGIC SOURCE.

PARIS, Dec. 22, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Alas for the brilliant expectations so confidently expressed at the close of my last week's letter! None indeed does that expression now appear to have been, and premature those expectations; and yet, so large were the promises made, and so certain the tone of announcement in which the invitation then alluded to had been given, that a less sanguine individual than your Correspondent might well have been misled thereby. But to the facts of the case.

As stated at the conclusion of the letter referred to, I, in common with several persons of my acquaintance, and many others not known to me, were invited, last week, by the renowned "medium," Baron Goldenstein and his sister—mentioned in a late letter—to assist at a "magic soirée," to be given at their house, on the following Friday evening, which evening as we were all expressly informed, had been chosen on account of the "magical" importance and virtue peculiar to Fridays. The feats of "magic" were to be shown us by Prince Scherofsky; a member of one of the greatest houses of Russia, and recognized by adepts in magic as the greatest practitioner of the occult art of the present day. Having, as I fondly imagined, ascertained that the Baron really meant something different from table-turning and its various collateral developments, that there was to be no "sitting in circles," and so forth,—a mode of wasting an evening which is by no means to the taste of your Correspondent—but that, on the contrary, the Prince had promised to give an exhibition of something very different, in fact of the wonders of which one hears so much, and sees so little, but which so many intelligent people affirm that they have witnessed as the result of the various formulas known only to the initiated in the ancient science so long known as magic, I accepted the invitation, supposing that we really should see some curious things, no matter what agency these things should be produced, and anxious to give the readers of *The Post* the benefit of the experience. A number of my friends accepted the Baron's invitation in a similar spirit.

Among the latter was the incredulous Count de T———whose exploit in getting up a ghost-scene in the cellar of a friend, as a supplement to an unsuccessful experiment of clairvoyance that was being got up in the parlor, was duly narrated in one of my former letters. Count de T———is so thoroughly skeptical on all such matters, that he looked for nothing more or less than a blank; his wife, however, was more hopeful; and being kept at home by an attack of *grippe*, volunteered the services of her husband as my cavalier, in order that she might have the pleasure of hearing his report of the evening's proceedings.

Accordingly, as soon as dinner was over, off we set on our long journey to the opposite extremity of the city, having had great difficulty in getting a cab, the cold being intense, the ground covered with snow, and several grand balls given that evening having absorbed the services, apparently, of all the cabs in the neighborhood. After some trouble a cab had, however, been procured; and we had started for the Boulevard de l'Eté, honored by the residence of the Livonian "mediums." But the predestined troubles of that unlucky evening were not long in overtaking us. The cabman, from the time he had us safe in his vehicle, persisted in a series of naps, during which, as we had to go along a number of dreary and nearly deserted avenues, the horse could comfortably wander to the right or to the left, without his master's slumbers being disturbed by the indignant remonstrances of the drivers whose vehicles ours would have run into, had the streets been less deserted. Every five minutes the Count, whose facilities for getting attacks of *neuralgia* are much greater than his patience, was obliged to put out his head and rouse our Jehu from his dreams; the latter, of course, relapsing into dreamland as soon as the Count had exhausted his rhetoric, and drawn his head again under shelter. Thus did we slowly journey on, and were just beginning to fear that, if anything were really going forward at the Baron's, we should arrive too late to see it, when down went the body of the cab, with a sudden jerk—happily somewhat softened by the snow on which it alighted—and we found ourselves brought to a stand still.

The Count threw open the door just in time to catch sight of the hind wheel of our chariot, which gamboled pleasantly past us to a short distance in our van, when it rolled quietly down, and rested flat upon the snow. Assisted by my companion, I lost no time in emerging from the vehicle thus unexpectedly brought to a position of immobility, and away we started through the snow towards the nearest cabstand, while the cabman, now roused to wakefulness, was getting his French together to demand a payment which he knew very well he had no right to exact, and which we of course declined bestowing.

Console ourselves under this mishap with the reflection that we were lucky in escaping with no bones broken, and that it was but natural that adventures should happen on a "magic evening," we trudged on through the snow for about half a mile, when we luckily found an unoccupied cab, having been passed by numbers of others, but all full, and half an hour afterwards we alighted at the door of the house whose second story is the abode of the tall, thin Baron, and the little, dwarfish sister, just as thin, and ten times more effish.

Having divested ourselves of our wraps, we were ushered into the parlor, where a numerous company, as expectant as ourselves, were disposing of tea and cakes, while impatiently awaiting the arrival of the magician. Some how or other, all those whom I know had begun to wish that they had stayed at home, as the cups of tea had been circulating for over an hour without any intermission; and our hosts delicately interrogated as to the probable arrival of the magician, had admitted that his coming was by no means certain, and that, if he came at all, he would scarcely be there before ten or eleven o'clock; anything at

pleasant prospect to those who had to cross the entire breadth of the town before regaining their domiciles, on that bitter, blowing night, when the breath froze on the ladies' veils, just as I have seen it do in Vermont.

However, there we were; and though the Count persisted in going from one to another distributing, *savoirs*, quizzings of the "gullibility" that had brought us together, we were still reluctant to believe that we had really been taken in, though the Baron and his sister, who are as benevolent people as exist, and most perfectly in earnest as to the marvelous gifts they believe themselves to possess, are as thoroughly the victims of their own "fixed ideas," that they might evidently have been speaking altogether "without book," in promising us a sight of the Prince and his marvels. We therefore turned a deaf ear to the Count's disinterested advice to be satisfied with the loss of time already incurred, and to take our departure without further delay; and determined to remain a little longer, in the faint hope that perhaps the Prince would turn up after all, and repay us for our troublesome pilgrimage through the snow and the wind. But the hopes of even the most confident began to decline still farther, when we began to discover that "magic," in the vocabulary of our hosts, meant nothing more than the "phenomena" incident to the beliefs and experiences of the partisans of the ordinary "spiritual" doing.

A quarter to ten; ten; a quarter past; and Count de T———'s reiterated counsels to all whom he knew there, were about to be followed by the latter, in a corporate departure, and the Count himself, who had taken a long journey that day by rail, and was desperately anxious to get home to bed, was just rejoicing in the success of his efforts, when a ring was heard at the bell, and our hosts hurrying from the room, speedily returned, followed by a tall, large, handsome, but most plump and un-spiritual-looking personage, with large blue eyes, an intelligent face, the gold cross of St. Andrew on his breast, and an irreproachable hat in hand, who was at once announced as Prince Scherofsky.

But the sensation excited by his arrival was soon damped by the Prince's unconscious air. He took tea, talked with those he knew already, and with those to whom he was introduced, but seemed perfectly unsuspicuous of the interest with which we had been awaiting his arrival. He talked of the cold, which seemed to remind him agreeably of Russia, of the amusements and charms of Paris, of his wife who was spending the winter in Jerusalem, of the constant growth of Russian dominion in the East, of the relinquishment of former designs on India, and the absolute certainty of Russia's getting hold of China, a matter which he declares to be a mere question of time, but not one word of the subject about which we were all dying to hear! Evidently he had come there, as we had done, because invited, and as evidently with no more idea of "showing off" magic, or anything else, than we had. General consternation followed this discovery; but a few of the most sanguine began to remind our hosts, in whispers, of what they had said of the magical powers of the new guest, and entreat them to induce him to bestow on us some specimens of his skill. But what was our disgust, at seeing that this praver, instead of being followed by a request to clear the middle of the floor, so as to leave room for the lawyer was drawing up a settlement, and all his clerks and friends had heard the news; the unfortunate Clara had chosen her bridal dress, so the linen-draper had gossiped with his customers; the wedding-cake was ordered, and the pastry-cook had tattled on the pleasing subject. What was he to do? That you shall know presently.

There is no less invention in aptly playing a thought found in a book, than in the first author of the thought.—*Bayle*.

A MYTHOLOGICAL DEFINITION.—According to the old mythology, Neptune, the god, created the horse, and was the patron of horse-races. This probably accounts for the fact that people who patronize the race-course so frequently get "half seas over."

"Look," says Lord Chesterfield, "the face of the person to whom you are speaking, if you wish to know his real sentiments, for he can command his words more easily than his countenance."

It is better to be born with a disposition to see things on the favorable side than an estate of ten thousand a year.

A man may generally expect a mirthful "breeze" when his wife begins to talk on "airs."

The Great Hydropathists—Milkmen

Cato, being scuriously treated by a hasty and vicious fellow, said to him, "A contest between us is very unequal, for thou canst not command my language with ease and return it with pleasure."

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honesty. Many times the idea crossed her that Orlando would make a much better husband than this Doughty; but papa and mamma were on the side of the Hepburn Lodge marriage, and the clerk was outshamed.

How long he would have remained gazing upon his lost love is guesswork; but a postman's knock reminded him he still lived on earth, and he was ready pulled down from his heaven by the man-servant entering with a letter.

Mr. Fairlop, when he received the epistle did as most people do, looked at the writing.

"Who can this be from?" he said to himself. "A capital bold hand, whoever wrote it."

A cowardly anonymous letter with a bold hand! An assassin with a brave dagger! "Tidd, will you allow me?" added Mr. Fairlop, turning to his clerk. Of course Tidd would, and so that he might enjoy the contents, he rose up, bowed to the lost beauty, and hurried away to the office.

All women have a more or less slight partiality to flirting, and Clara, although she continued to look into her tea cup, knew the despairing Orlando was watching every morsel she nibbled from her toast, worshipping her with his eyes. It is against our nature to dislike admiration, especially when it is forced upon us unsought. She felt a great pity for the faithful man who loved her so quietly and merrily.

Mr. Doughty was to have breakfasted with his beloved that morning, and Clara was vexed at his breaking his appointment. She was excessively arbitrary in her ideas, and ruled very strictly during her short reign of courtship. She did not grumble about, but the way she flinched with a few broad crumbs, proved she was in a pot. "I have a great mind not to love him," she thought. To be truthful, she never had.

When Mr. Fairlop had read a few lines of his letter, he gave a short smirking laugh. He was annoyed at the idea of anybody daring to interfere in his family affairs. "What the deuce has sent this?" he asked himself, as he turned the page in search of the signature. He did not tell his daughter who the writer was; but she saw his arm fall down, his eyes light up, and his mouth open, as if he was going to sneeze. "Clara," he said, pushing the letter towards his child, "This concerns you quite as much as it does me." The moment he began to talk, his tongue ran away with him. "And I have had such faith in that man Tidd. I, who brought him up from a child, &c., &c." He would have been wiser as to his daughter's feelings, had he watched her instead of chattering. Her eyes grew bright as she read; true, it might have been from indignation. Her hand shook at first, perhaps with rage. There was a determined tight expression—half smile, half sneer—about her little mouth, as if she could shake this Tidd, or that Doughty. She put down the letter, after reading it, and stared vacantly; her eyes looking right through her father, apparently focused on some object about fifty yards on the other side of the wall. "Did you ever read such an infamous, cowardly attack?" asked Papa. Miss did not reply for a second, and then said, "I do not consider it cowardly, because he signed it; but, for Mr. Doughty's sake, I hope it is infamous."

"Hope!" cried Fairlop, who was half mad at the bare thought of anyone attempting to break off this marriage. "Hope! why, hasn't the fellow the impudence to admire your Haas't be the assumption to consider Mr. Doughty his rival? Haas' t he?" His speech was abruptly terminated by the footman, announcing Mr. Charles Doughty. "Ask him in, directly; he shall see this letter, Clara!"

"Oh! Papa! Papa! Pray do not. Suppose they should fight!" She meant, of course, fight in a day or two, with pistols, in a duck

The entrance of Mr. Doughty prevented any reply to this suggestion. Mr. Fairlop looked very vicious and pugnacious—as if he would prefer a hostile meeting. The wretch, Doughty, knew in a second the cause of this domestic disturbance. "Get the letter," he thought to himself.

He had purposely dressed himself to act up to, and confirm his anonymous warnings. His chin was black with a two day's beard; his face had been smudged, but not washed; the shoulders of his coat were drab with dust, and his skirt collar drooped like a frost-bitten leaf.

Altogether he gave Fairlop the idea that he had not been to bed, and was still half-asleep. He seated himself and began to yawn. A very perceptible smell of stale cigar smoke encircled the dirty man. The familiar nod he gave Miss Clara so enraged her that she left the room, and was presently heard overhead consoling herself at the piano. The ship-breaker, too, was rather disconcerted, for he would have relished a fine theatrical scene, with a grand display of indignation and threatened vengeance.

As Doughty did nothing but yawn, and hold up before his mouth fingers decidedly not rosetipped, Fairlop began the conversation with "Did you ever, Charles, receive an anonymous letter?" Mr. Charles thought, "They've got mine," and was obliged to hide a smile of delight in a yawn. "No, sir," he replied, "never; and if ever I do, I shall quietly burn it, however excellent the warning it contains. It is a method of attack I despise, and against which nobody can keep guard." There's a hypocrite for you. Who could suspect such a talker?

"You are right; nobody can," continued the father-in-law. "The best of men are open to those disgraceful assaults."

"It is an ugly way of giving evidence against a man," continued Mr. Charles; "indeed, all I object to is the cowardice of the proceeding. I should give such a letter due consideration, and yet, if I found out the writer, cane him; but I don't suppose I shall ever be troubled."

"Wassn't that so?"

"If you will promise me to be calm," said the broker, rising, "I'll tell you something that will startle you." Unfolding the letter, he added, "This is not an anonymous letter; it is signed; but it does not the less merit the censure you mentioned."

The sudden animation that shot into the negro's face, the astonished look, the jerking up of the head and opening of the hands, made a wrong impression upon Sir. Fairlop. He ascribed this emotion to indignation, whereas this Charles was muttering to himself,

"Signed! signed! I never could have been such a fool." He took the letter, examined it, and answered, with extraordinary impudence, "No; I cannot say I know the handwriting." Then he ran his eye over it, as if he had never seen it before. He was a man of consummate effrontery. When he reached the end of the page, he looked up and said, as if half to himself, "Who can have written this? It is evidently some one who knows me well, or he couldn't betray me." This speech was intended to startle Mr. Fairlop, and it was successful.

The father-in-law was going to say something in a great hurry, but the son-in-law stopped him by asking, "Give me the name of this villain—what I do in my own house concerns no man but myself! Give me his name!" Do you see how cunningly he kept on admitting the truth of the letter. Do you think any father would confide his child to such a man? He acted his part so well, Mr. Fairlop really felt grateful to Mr. Tidd for having him in time, and made up his mind to forbid the marriage. He could hardly speak civilly as he said, "If you will turn the page over, the signature is on the other leaf."

"Orlando Tidd!" muttered the startled Mr. Charles, and for several minutes he sat perfectly quiet, wondering how on earth the signature got there. "Have I ever seen this Orlando Tidd?" he asked. "Pon my word I don't know the fellow!"

He waited for a reply; but Mr. Fairlop was deeply engaged looking out of the window, watching a man who, hat in hand, was tearing up the street, with the speed of a hunted cat. This man was as dangerous as a runaway horse. A porter quietly lighting his pipe was knocked over as he took his first whiff, and a ladies' school was sent flying into the road like so many chickens.

"Good heavens!" cried Fairlop, catching sight of the runner's hot face, "here comes Tidd! Can anything have happened?"

He rushed from the room, and was fortunate enough to open the street-door in time to prevent his clerk from dashing his brains out against the knocker. The prospect of good news made Mr. Fairlop forget all about the warning letter.

Before the clerk could get breath enough, he was trying to speak, and the master doing his utmost to understand him. Nobody else but a man in fear of ruin would have been able to translate the various pants and stutters into these words:

"Mary Hastings—seen off the Lizards—late last evening!"

The disgraceful wretch in the parlor was listening intently. He heard Mr. Fairlop, in a half-shouting voice, cry out that he "was saved," and Orlando Tidd congratulated him on the fortune the speculation had brought.

"God bless you, boy," the broker had answered, "we are both of us richer by a few hundreds, but we almost went too near the fire."

The return of the "Mary Hastings" brought back Mr. Doughty's love for Miss Clara. He now determined to try his utmost to bully and rave, and not allow the girl to slip through his fingers if he could help it. As soon as Mr. Fairlop and his clerk entered the room, he stepped boldly up to Orlando, and thrusting the letter close to his face, asked savagely if he knew "that handwriting." The clerk, without reading the contents—examined the caligraphy, admitted it was a very fine, bold hand, but replied he could not recognize it.

Turning the page over, Mr. Doughty pointed to the signature, and shouted, "Will that help you—perhaps you can tell me who wrote that?"

If to start, and blush deep crimson, is a sign of guilt, then Mr. Orlando must have appeared highly criminal; but his reply was,

"It is my name, but, on my honor, not my writing."

All the broker could say was, "It certainly is a most singular circumstance," but his head was full of the Mary Hastings, and the £14,000 he had won.

"So, sir!" roared Mr. Doughty, crossing his arms, "you dare lie to my face, do you? You stab in the dark, and plead innocence in the daylight. You slandering rogue, I shall horsewhip you."

We are not apt to look upon young men with thin legs and weak eyes as being noted for bravery; but our rogue, for once, made a mistake. With great dignity Mr. Orlando pulled out his card-case. He was a sleek gentleman; but to be so grossly insulted by his rival was beyond his endurance. Imagine how shocked Miss Clara—who, attracted by the noise, was listening at the door—must have been when Mr. Doughty contemptuously said,

"I do not fight clerks—I beat them."

It has been calculated that the news of the safe return of the "Mary Hastings," A. 1, spread over Bristol in four minutes and a half.

The extraordinary good luck of Mr. Fairlop's desperate venture was the talk of every office. My nephew, Freddy, who knew the Fairlops well, the moment he heard the tidings, clapped on his hat, and, thinking to be the first to congratulate the broker, darted off at a speed which nothing but Mr. Orlando's long legs could have matched. He managed to worm his way into the parlor just as the discussion about the duel was at its height. The moment he saw Mr. Doughty he recognized the man in the long cloak who dropped the letter. On the sofa sat poor Clara, crying; and my Freddy, whilst trying to comfort her, (he was a very tender-hearted boy,) learnt all the particulars of the quarrel, and how Mr. Tidd was going to fight a duel about a letter he protested he had never written.

There was but one honorable course for my Freddy to take; and, to his credit, he did take it. The letter was lying on the carpet. He took it up, examined it, knew it directly, and, springing among the disputants, told his story. "And I'll take my oath," shouted my Freddy, blushing, "that he" (pointing to Doughty,) "is the man who dropped the letter. I'd swear to him if he was to dye his face black, and so could four other fellows I know." All the low wretch could stammer out was, that he should not stop in the house to be insulted; and, hanging the door to after him, he marched himself off.

Little Miss Clara married Mr. Orlando Tidd, and Mr. Fairlop gave my Freddy a present of five guineas. When my own pet Tilly heard this scandalous story, the sweet girl merely said, "There was always something about that bad man I never liked;" and so there was, though it was decidedly never so conspicuously evident as after he was ruined. The sale at Hepburn's Lodge lasted six days, and as the things went very cheap, we bought the drawing-room carpet and the hall chairs.

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Elmwood.—The wife of a well-known gentleman in this city, who was formerly a member of the Legislature, has run away (now with a boy of 18), and is now enjoying the new honeymoon in the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

The bright young gentleman who has thus displayed his precious propensities, is, or was, a drug clerk in a store in Hudson street. He has long been on intimate terms with the faithless wife, who was never suspected of any wrong, although her manners in the circle where she moved sometimes subjected her to remark. She is a woman of considerable wealth in her own right, owning a couple of large buildings on Broadway, beside having a good sum of money invested in stocks, bonds, &c., and was one of the leaders of fashion in the West-End of London. Mr. Filey was a fashionable dentist, with an exceedingly, what is called, genteel appearance. You might have taken him for a baronet, and so might I. A carriage drove up to the house, and a lady carefully attired—West-End costume, and some of those women do look very captivating. I haven't been in London now for four years, notwithstanding the railways; and when I do get it never to the West-End. But, well,—a lady, I said. She inquired for Mr. Filey. That gentleman made his bow.

"Mr. Filey," she said, "I have come to you on a sad case." She sighed. Of course Mr. Filey was full of sympathy—in his aspect, at all events.

"Yes," she said, "it is very sad. You are great in teeth, Mr. Filey. Do you remember me years ago?"

Mr. Filey begged to be excused his forgetfulness, attributing it to his extended practice.

"Ah! I was then younger, Mr. Filey. I am now, as my card will have shown you, Lady Spriggs."

Mr. Filey bowed to the title.

"I have a nephew, Mr. Filey, the heir to a vast property. He has but one defect—his teeth! Oh! the trouble those teeth have given us!" His timidity is such that he will never now approach a dentist's shop—I mean house, and we are at our wit's end what to do with him. Do you think that if I contrived to lure him, Mr. Filey, that you could so manage as to remove one or two of his—I think you call them grinders—without his being aware of it?"

The proposition was rather startling, but Mr. Filey was an old hand, and an able.

He said he had no doubt that, if he had the young gentleman there, he would extract the teeth, and he should hardly know anything of it.

"That will do," said the lady. "You will eternally oblige his family, Mr. Filey, and deeply shall I feel indebted to you, believe me. I will take the liberty of paying you in advance, if you please. May I know what it will be?"

She drew forth her purse, and paid the sum Mr. Filey thought fit to demand.

Arrangements were then made that the young gentleman should call on the morrow, at two o'clock, P. M., precisely. Every device not to alarm his sensitiveness in the matter of his teeth was promised by Mr. Filey, who was forewarned that the young gentleman was eccentric, and dressed not quite in the fashion—in fact, commonly; so that, unless you knew it, you would not presume him to be heir to a vast estate.

The scene closes on Mr. Filey bowing the lady into her carriage.

Act the Second, displays a jeweller's shop, West End. Messrs. Spitchcock and Co. A lady alights from her carriage, and enters.—She desires to see some jewelry. A diadem set with diamonds fixes her eye. Her taste is pleased by a beautiful bracelet, and a pair of ruby ear-rings, which suits her complexion, she thinks. She is assured that they suit her admirably. She hands her card: Lady Spriggs, at present residing at Mr. Filey.

"You know Mr. Filey, the dentist?"

"Very well, indeed," she said, "and Sir Sampson, also, by name."

She then desires them to make out their bill, and tell her the amount of her purchases. Four hundred odd pounds the bill amounted to. And the shopman wasn't astonished!—But what a country this is, where women can lavish money on gimpers—as I tell my wife. However! the lady said she would be infinitely obliged to them, if, within half an hour—that was, by two o'clock precisely, and not a moment later—they would pack up the things and despatch them and the bill, by one of their young men, to Mr. Filey's, where Sir Sampson, her husband, would write out a check, and liquidate the debt. Some woman's rigrorole, I suppose. However! the request was readily assented to. She departed, and the scene closes with her being bowed into her carriage a second time. May the Lord have mercy on simpletons!

Well, gentlemen, Act the Third. I contend that they are perfect acts, though they have but a scene a piece.

A young man with parcel calls at two o'clock, precisely, that afternoon, at Mr. Filey's, and asks to see Sir Sampson Spriggs.

"Her ladyship is within," says the page.

The young man says, she will do. He is ushered into a room where he sees the lady.

Do you smell a rat, gentlemen?

Well, the lady affably took the parcel from the young man, and said,

"I will take it to show my husband upstairs. He will be with you in five minutes, and hand you the cheque. You will excuse me! I must first satisfy him of the necessity I have for the articles."

Of course, the poor fellow thought that all was fair and straightforward. Ha! ha! He said, he would be happy to wait. Ha! ha! He took a chair. Ha! ha! But it's really too bad to laugh. Well, he waited. The minute hands of the clock went round. He waited on. Before he had time to feel uncomfortable in his mind, the door opened, and a gentleman walked in who bowed to him, and made his mind quite easy.

"I brought the things," said the young man; "and I'm waiting."

"To see me," said Mr. Filey, admiring the stragamens of the lady immensely. "To see me. Yes. I'm aware. A beautiful day to-day, sir! Rather sultry. May I offer you a glass of wine?"

—Clerkidge.

—The talented sister of a learned and humorous man was studying metaphysics. Puzzled by the maxims of the subject, she applied to him for definitions. "Brother," she asked, "what is mind?" Looking from his book, he wittily and evasively replied: "No matter." She pondered the answer, and presently returning, asked: "But, brother, what is matter?" and received the laconic reply, "Never mind."

LADY SPRIGGS.

My story's professional. You won't object to that? In the law we hear and come across queer things. I give you warning I had nothing to do with this in question; but my agents in London—a highly respectable firm—were engaged in the inquiry. It was all in the papers some years ago, but I dare say you have forgotten it. And, after all, a story twice told may pass on a winter's night.

I'll make it short. It's a drama in three acts—there's blood in it; but don't be alarmed, I beg.

Act the First, then. I was fond of the play

when I was a young man, articed in London. The scene opens in a dentist's room in the West-End of London. Mr. Filey was a fashionable dentist, with an exceedingly, what is called, genteel appearance.

No doubt the young fellow thought him a very eccentric baronet, but he complied.

In a minute one of his grinders was seized—caught in a vice, wrenched, twisted, pulled. Heaven spare us all the horrible agony! I can't laugh any more.

The grinder came out at last, in the midst of stifled screams, and I'm afraid, curses. It came out, and the young man was guilty of an assault on the body of the dexterous operator. Mr. Filey went down.

"Where's the lady? Where's Sir Sampson Spriggs?" roars the young man, with his hand on his mouth.

"Ha, ha! He opened his mouth, and gaped.

"Now draw back your tongue," said Mr. Filey.

No doubt the young fellow thought him a very eccentric baronet, but he complied.

NEWS ITEMS.

IMPROVEMENT IN CANNES.—The Buffalo Press contains the account of an improvement which took place in the town of Channing, N. Y., on Thursday last. The parties are Lyman Bart and Mrs. Bowsworth, wife of Jerry Bowsworth, a respectable farmer of that town. Mrs. B. left a family of children, ranging in years from 4 to 16. The fugitives took everything from the house of Bowsworth worth anything except the children.

TOM.—"Once a Week" says that the great majority of toys are made at Grunhainischer, in Saxony. The glass comes from Bohemia. The bottles and cups are so fragile that the workman has to labor in a confined and vitiated atmosphere, which cuts him off at 35 years of age. All articles that contain any metal are the produce of Nuremberg and the surrounding district.

STRANGE SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.—The Montreal Gazette, in giving an account of the execution of a man named Boström, in that city, for the murder of a farmer, says that the attendant minister requested the spectators to pray for the condemned. The vast multitude, with few exceptions, knelt down and engaged in prayer, and for a time nothing was heard but the hum of many voices praying for Boström's soul.

SINGULAR DEATH.—A son of Wm. Nicholson, of Lafayette, Ind., aged 17, on the night before Christmas, got up in his sleep, saddled a horse, and rode some distance from the house before he awoke. He was then so bewildered that he was unable to retrace his steps, and when found was so benumbed with cold that he lived but a short time. The horse was standing near him when found. He had before given evidences of somnambulism.

DRATH FROM BURNING FLUID.—Mrs. William Wagner, of Plymouth Township, Montgomery county, was burned so badly on Saturday week that she died in a few hours. She was preparing breakfast, and carrying a fluid lamp of two tubes, but only one of them containing a wick, when thoughtlessly canting the lamp, the fluid was spilled upon her dress, and the saturated garments took fire, and before assistance could be rendered, nearly every thread of clothing was burned from her body, and when found, her flesh was charred and burnt to a cinder.

JUDGE CHALDRAUGH thinks that the entire Mormon population of eastern Utah does not exceed 35,000, of whom not more than 8,000 are entitled to vote. The Gentile population of eastern Utah he estimates at 3,500 voters, and as there is an absolute certainty of an increase of 15,000 or 20,000 in the spring, he hopes to outvote the Mormons at the election next year.

PRICE OF SLAVES LABOR IN VIRGINIA.—The Winchester Republican says:—"The public hirings of slaves this season did not come quite up to expectation, being less than the average rates of last year. Able bodied men have averaged \$110; women have brought from \$50 to \$60; good sized boys \$50 to \$60; girls \$25 to \$40. Sales of slaves are lower than they were six months or one year ago." The Frederickburg Herald says:—"The attendance in town on Monday at the hiring was less than we have ever before noted. Hands for railroad construction hired at \$150, and for railroad repairs at \$175. Cooks from \$35 to \$60; nurses from \$20 to \$40; chambermaids from \$30 to \$50; farm hands, men, at \$75 to \$100."

A WOMAN FROZEN TO DEATH.—On Thursday night, the 29th ult., Mrs. Isabell Craig, of Colesburgh, Ill., was frozen to death. She had been out washing that day, and after night started for home, less than half a mile distant. Her body was found about ten o'clock on Friday morning, frozen almost stiff, within a stone's throw of her house. It would seem that after starting home she had accomplished the greater part of the distance, and that she became bewildered and incapable of rightly directing her steps. In this condition she walked round and round a small circle, not more than thirty feet in diameter. Her path was distinctly marked in the snow. At several places there were indications of her having fallen, and thence struggled or crawled before regaining her feet.

ATRIBUTED IMPROVEMENT.—Mr. Annan, of Downfield, N. Y., has succeeded in taking the honey from bees by the use of chloroform, whereby the bees were removed to another hive without any injury.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.—Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, wrote to the New York Geographical Society, that his party, in ascending a branch of the Shire river, came upon herds of elephants which appeared as far as the eye could reach. It was estimated that eight hundred of these noble animals were seen in one valley.

A SNOW STORM.—The Oswego, N. Y., Times of January 3d says that, on Sunday the 1st, snow fell all the morning, the air being densely filled with flakes; in six hours' time falling to the depth of two feet, preventing pedestrainment.

REFUSED A CHARTER.—The Missouri Legislature, on a vote of 82 to 22, refused a charter for the South-Western University, at Jefferson City, on the ground that northern Methodists were abolitionists.

CONFESSOR CLOKE.—The solidifying of sweet cider has been accomplished in Connecticut. By the vacuum process, the cider, taken out from the press, is reduced five gallons to one, without boiling, and a beautiful jelly is the result, which will keep for any length of time without mould, souring or fermentation of any kind.

SNOW.—Our Mississippi exchanges chronicle the fall of a considerable amount of snow. The whole State seems to have been covered with it to the depth of seven inches, as far south as the latitude of Natches.

FURS.—Bever, Santa Fe, \$8 per lb. \$26.25; Rocky Mt., \$26.50; Muskrat Skin, 15¢ per lb.; Nutria do, 30¢; Raccoon do, 25¢; Gopher, 6¢.

HEMP.—It is but little required for the stock being mostly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES.—Are held with more firmness, but we hear of no sale of foreign to alter quotations, two caravans from Porto Calvo have just arrived.

HONEY.—remain dull, and price range at 12¢ to 16¢ for Eastern and Western, as in quality.

IRON.—The market continues almost at a stand still, there is very little inquiry for future delivery, but sales of 3000 tons Anthracite are reported at \$23 for No. 1, on time. From store there is a small business at about former quoted rates, nothing is doing in Scotch Pig and no stock in first bands. Blooms and Boiler Plates are unchanged but dull. In Rails and Bars the movement is small and prices the same; a sale of 500 tons American Rails was made on terms kept private.

LEAD.—The market is firm, but the stock is very light, and we hear of no sales this week.

LEATHER.—continues in good demand at the advance, and the market is bare of leather tanner, which is wanted.

LUMBER.—There is nothing doing, the business seems to be at a stand still.

MOLASSES.—continues in fair demand, and further sales of 4000 bbls New Orleans was reported at \$16.50 per cwt, on time, the former to arrive. Of Cuba we hear of no sales.

PLASTER.—Nothing doing, and in the absence of sales we quote Soft nominal at \$3 per ton.

SEEDS.—There has been a steady demand for Cloverseed, and sales and re-sales of some 4000 bushels are reported at from \$5 to \$5.50 per cwt to common, mostly at \$5.25 (\$5.37) per cwt for prime lots, including some taken for shipment, on terms kept private. Timothy is quiet, and prices about the same. Of Flaxseed, the receipts and sales were light, and the market firm at \$1.57 per cwt.

SPIRITS.—The demand for foreign continues limited, but Brandies are held with more firmness. Gins are steady. N. E Rum is selling as wanted at 25¢. Whiskey has been unsettled and dull during the entire week, sales ranging at \$24 to \$26 for Drudge, 24¢ to 25¢ for hogsheads, 25¢ to 26¢ for Potts, 24¢ to 25¢ for Ohio Do. We quote at the lowest figures, which establishes a decline.

SUGARS.—are firm, but the market is quiet, the want of stock limiting operations, and only about 150 bbls have been disposed of, in lots, at from 7¢ to 8¢ for Cuba and New Orleans, and some box sugar at from 7¢ to 8¢, all on the usual terms.

NEWS ITEMS.

A SAD ACCIDENT.—The Memphis, Tenn., Bulletin, says:—"On Friday afternoon, a fatal accident happened to a little girl, daughter of Mrs. Cole, residing seven miles south of the city, on the Hornback road. The little girl, whose age was seven years, was playing in the house with her twin brother, when he, in the wantonness of sport, seized a gun and fired at her, seventeen buckshot taking effect in her throat. She immediately ran toward the door, where, meeting her mother, she exclaimed, 'Brother didn't go to do it,' and died almost instantaneously."

THE FIRST VOTE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY STEAM.—An Eastern Chronicle (Canada) states that the first steamship which made the voyage across the Atlantic was the Royal William, in 1838. She was of 120 horse power, and 1,000 tons burthen, and was built at Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence. The voyage was made from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Cowes, Isle of Wight, and occupied fourteen days. This was five years previous to the voyage of the Sirius, which has always been called the pioneer of ocean steamships.

MR. LOEWOWSKI, the millionaire, of Cincinnati, has sent to Mr. Sherman, the Republican candidate for Governor, a present of 200 bottles of his famous Catawba wine.

A SINGULAR DEATH.—A son of Wm. Nicholson, of Lafayette, Ind., aged 17, on the night before Christmas, got up in his sleep, saddled a horse, and rode some distance from the house before he awoke. He was then so bewildered that he was unable to retrace his steps, and when found was so benumbed with cold that he lived but a short time. The horse was standing near him when found. He had before given evidences of somnambulism.

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THE EVENING JOURNAL of this city, asserts that thirty to forty of the seceding Southern medical students have returned, and that many more design returning in the spring.

COLD AT THE SECTS.—We learn from the Houston Telegraph that, during the late cold weather, there were from fifty to sixty persons frozen to death in Texas, a least four of whom were under the influence of liquor when frozen. There were also many thousands of hogs, cattle and sheep frozen to death in that State. Last month was the severest ever known there. Snow for several inches in depth, and ice formed in the streams. The thermometer was down to 11 degrees.

ARRAIDANCE AND MILITAGE AT A FUNERAL.—A man in neighboring State, who possesses property estimated at \$50,000 in amount, was recently called upon to administer upon the estate of a deceased brother who left a little property. When he rendered his accounts to the judge of probate, they were found to contain, among other charges, the sum of \$2 for one day's time in attending the funeral of his brother, and \$2 for railroad fare, in going and coming from the funeral.

THE INDEPENDENT states that Rev. Geo. Candee, Rev. Wm. Kendrick and Robert Jones, missionaries of the American Missionary Association, have been expelled from Jackson Co., Ky., after having their hair and beards shaved, and tar poured on their heads and faces.

GRAIN.—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and most of the stock in store being limited above the present views of buyers, the market has been very inactive during the past week, and prices at the close rather lower, the week's sales only reaching about 10,000 bushels, but taken for milling at 13¢ per bushel for fair to good and prime grade, and 12¢ for poor.

WHY HE RENDERED HIS ACCOUNTS.—On the 2d instant, by the Rev. G. Chapman, Mr. THOMAS G. HERR, of Petersburg, N. J. to Miss HARRIET STEELE, of May's Landing, N. J. Cape May papers please copy.

ON THE 5TH INSTANT.—By the Rev. G. German, Mr. WILLIAM CLARK, to Miss ELLEN L. BRADFORD, both of this city.

ON THE 21ST INSTANT.—By John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. JONATHAN M. LANNING, to Miss ANNA DILBEE, both of this city.

DECEMBER 24, 1859.—By the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. W. WHALEY VICKERS, to Miss JANE HEDREN, both of this city.

ON NEW BRITAIN.—On the 2d instant, by the Rev. A. G. Wheat, STACY C. WALTON, of this city, to SARAH, daughter of JASON LEWIS, of Bucks co.

ON THE 26 INSTANT.—by the Rev. Street, Mr. HENRY MILLARD, to Miss ELIZABETH ASBOTT, both of this city.

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THE JERUSALEM CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Traveller says that Prince Alfred, Queen Victoria's second son, who is midshipman in the British Navy, while in the port of Jaffa, received a severe thrashing from a brother middy, whom he had insulted; and it is related of him, greatly to his credit, by his brother officers, that after his defeat, he begged the victor's pardon for having committed the quarrel.

DANIEL BALL, Esq., a banker at Grand Rapids, Mich., has bought the controlling interest in the Peninsula Bank (\$157,000) at Detroit. It is estimated by his neighbors that he is worth from \$300,000 to \$500,000, and it is said that he is the son of a deceased brother who left a little property.

LOUIS PALMERSON has conferred a pension of \$100 a year upon Miss Pardon, the well-known authoress.

CORN IN KENTUCKY.—The assessors in Kentucky and the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, report a cotton crop of 380,000,000 bushels. Admitting this estimate to be correct, and the value of the crop would be about \$130,000,000.

SLAVERY IN MARYLAND.—The aggregate value of assessed property in the State of Maryland is stated at \$261,243,000, of which \$14,243,597 is in slaves.

LUGGAGE SHOPS.—It is said that there are nearly 12,000 luggage shops in the city of New York, and 352 of these are licensed.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced into the Virginia House of Delegates, inquiring into the property of tax-hunting bachelors, past 30 years of age, \$10 per annum for the education of poor children.

IT IS SAID that the telegraphic work of the London Telegraph Company is to be carried on by female employees.

CONCHA, late Governor of Cuba, made a fortune of seven millions of dollars during his administration.

THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT has applied for the mediation of the United States in the difficulties with France and England.

COFFEE.—Two cargoes of Rio have arrived this week, and holders are firm in their views, the transatlantic reach about 4000 bags Rio at from 11 to 12¢ per common to prime quality, and Laguayras in small lots at 13¢ on time.

COPPER.—is dull with little demand for either Sheesham or Yellow Metal, and prices are unchanged.

PARK.—Quercitron is wanted, but there is little or no offering, and we hear only of a small amount.

TANNER'S BARK.—and no alteration in price, and gold yellow is quoted at 34¢ per lb.

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COFFEE.—Two cargoes of Rio have arrived this week, and holders are firm in their views, the transatlantic reach about 4000 bags Rio at from 11 to 12¢ per common to prime quality, and Laguayras in small lots at 13¢ on time.

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Wit and Humor.

Agricultural.

LOIS WEEDON EXPERIENCE.

BY MR. SMITH, OF LOIS WEEDON.

A GAME HUNTER.—Once on a time, a Yankee who was travelling through Kentucky, had a fine horse, and no money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches when the bridle was pulled pretty hard. Our traveller saw no way of replenishing his purse but by selling his horse, and this he resolved to do the first opportunity. As he was going slowly along, he saw a hunter at some distance from the road, whom he rode up to and accosted. In the course of the conversation he told the latter that he had an invaluable horse to sell—a horse that would act precisely like a setter, when he was in the vicinity of game. Casting his eyes around, at the same time discovering some fresh rabbit tracks, he gave the bridle a jerk. The docile quadruped immediately lay down. "There are some rabbits here," said the rider, "I know by his ears." The Kentuckian, curious to test the reputed sagacity of the horse, searched around, and sure enough, started three or four rabbits. He was greatly surprised, but the Yankee took the affair as a matter of course. To make a long story short, the wonderful horse changed hands on the spot, three hundred dollars being the consideration. His new owner mounted him, and with characteristic hospitality, the Yankee agreed to accompany him home. They soon came to a stream, which they had to cross, and which was rather deep for horsemen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay, when, on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running waters as if he was a hippopotamus. "How is this?" he roared out, nothing but his head visible. The Yankee, who was mounted on the hunter's other horse, was not disconcerted in the least, but replied coolly, "Oh, I forgot to tell you he is as good for fish as he is for rabbits!"—*Tennessee Herald*.

FREEMASONS AND GRIDIRON.—A worthy police captain, says the New York Post, entertained a fancy to become a Freemason, and was accordingly proposed and elected. A friend accompanied him to the place of meeting, which was in a building the lower part of which was used as a place of entertainment.

The neophyte was left in an apartment next to the servant's room, while his friend went up stairs to assist in the opening ceremonies.

A Celtic maiden, who caught a glimpse of the stranger, resolved to take part in his initiation, and procuring a gridiron, placed it over the range. It was not long before the captain, looking inquisitively through the door, saw the utensil reddening in the heat. The recollection flashed through his mind of Masonic candidates, and some peculiar ordeals which they were made to encounter.

"What is that, Bridget?" he eagerly inquired.

"And sure," replied the Hibernian virgin, "it's only the gridiron that I was told to place over the coals."

"Who told you?" asked the eager policeman.

"And was it not the gentleman who came with you?"

"What could he want of it?" demanded the captain.

"And sure I can't tell," replied Bridget; "they are often using it; it belongs to the people above stairs. I always heat it when they want to make a Mason."

This was too much for the excited captain, and taking to his heels he soon put a safe distance between himself and the lodge.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S IDEA OF A CITY.—The old lady came up to town to select a guardian for her precocious Ike, and remarked as follows:—"How the world has turned about to be sure!" said she; "tis nothing but change, change! Only yesterday, as it were, I was in the country, smelling the odious flowers; to-day I am in this big city, my olfactory breathing the impure excretions of coal smoke that are so dilatory to health. Instead of the singing of birds the humbler busier almost deprive me of consciousness. Dear me! Well, I hope I shall be restrained through it all. They say that the moral turpitude of this city is frightful; but it isn't any use to anticipate trouble beforehand; he may escape all harmonious influences that would have a tenderness to hurt him; and, as the minister of our parish said, with judicial training he may become a useful member of society; though training is bad generally, and is apt to make the young run to feathers like crocodile-crowned hens. But he has genius—(looking at him)—it comes natural to him, like the measles, and every day it is enveloping itself more and more."

A CHARITABLE JUGGLER.—Breslau, a celebrated juggler, being at Canterbury with his troop, met with such bad success that they were almost starved. He repaired to the churchwardens, and promised to give the profits of a night's conjuration to the poor, if the parish would pay for hiring a room, etc. The charitable bait took, the benefit proved a bumper, and the next morning the churchwardens waited upon the wizard to touch the finest rootlet.

"I have already disposed of dam," said Breslau; "the profits were for de poor. I have kept my promise, and given de money to my new people, who are de poorest in dis parish."

"Sir!" exclaimed the churchwardens, "this is a trick."

"I know it," replied the conjuror. "I live by my tricks."

A very fat man having taken a seat in an omnibus, already crowded to the great annoyance of the passengers, several with partial breathing and muttering lips, inquired who such a lump of flesh as the new comer could be. "I don't know," responded a wag, "but judging from the effect he produces, I should suppose him a member of the Press."

A man was mobbed the other day through a wag's saying that his wife was daily impressed in an iron cage. It turned out that the cage was a steel hooped skirt.



OBSEVANT STREET BOY.—"There's a couple o' prize uns—they wasn't fed upon 'taters."

mouth. The vehicle is wanting, and that is water. It is a circumstance, I think, worth a good deal of consideration, that in deeply pulverized, clean, open, fallow intervals like mine, this necessary agent is never wanting. No matter how dry the season may be, there it is. The dews have provided a constant supply, sinking so deep into the porous bed as to be far out of the reach of exhalation by sun and wind. The crowning object of the plan was yet to be realized. The produce must be raised to a farmer's good average, or would be labor in vain. Narrowing, then, my intervals from Tull's 4 feet 8 or 10 inches, to only 3 feet, my object was gained. For my average measured produce hitherto has been from 34 to 35 bushels. The crop of the present year, not yet threshed, was exceedingly fine; not merely bulky and large in the ear, but unusually heavy in the sheaf; and at reaping was estimated at 40 bushels at the least. Just one thing more, and I have done. Tull used no manure for any of his crops, and the only things he would say for it was, that it helped to loosen the soil. "The almost only use of all manure is the same as tillage, namely, the pulverization it makes by fermentation, as tillage does by attrition and contusion," 384. Neither do I manure for my Wheat crop, but for a very different reason. I find the use of manure too efficacious and enriching. Add manure to my deep and thorough tillage and well-fed intervals, and the crop will be too exuberant and blight on the spot, or come down and mildew. I fear even the smallest remnant of bygone dressings. I never feel safe till all is exhausted; scare of my mineral food from below, and depending wholly for the nitrogen on past accumulations of atmospheric ammonia in the soil, and its continuous, never ending flow from the same natural sources.

Using, then, no manure for my Wheat, I have a double supply for my other crops—Manure, well mixed and well made, from well-fed animals, contains every element of fertility in abundance; and with grass feeding plants at wide intervals and on deeply tilled soil, its forcing power is perfectly marvellous. I will only instance my Winter Bean crop. I give here the process of its cultivation in detail, because, like the Wheat crop, it is grown on the same acre of land year after year; and the plan, like that of the Wheat, is now systematic. I give it for another reason, because it meets a very serious disadvantage in the ordinary growth of the Bean crop—the apparent impossibility of keeping it clean. The weed seeds are thus scattered broadcast at reaping, and the foul straw carried to the yard perpetuates, in manure, the ineradicable evil. Look, then, at my present crop, grown in single rows 5 feet apart. The plant is now up, and in the interval there is the single row of last year's stubble. I shall shortly broadshare and scald and stir the whole interval; strike a deep and wide furrow in the line of the stubble—subsoil it—and plough into the channel a heavy dressing of manure and leave it for the winter. In the spring, in preparation for the next planting, I shall thoroughly stir and mix the whole together, containing the clean process till I am shut out by the present crop, which in June or July will cover the land. There is hardly a weed to be seen, and not one in flower throughout the year. My produce this year, after a promise of more than 50 bushels, dwindled through the heat to 42. Last year it was over 44. The year before it was 50 bushels from—I repeat it in order to arrest attention—from single rows of Beans 5 feet apart. I believe I have accomplished my task, and proved that—compared with the plan of my great predecessor—what I here profess to be new, really is new. I provide, without manure, not merely the organic, but the mineral food for my Wheat crop. I go deep into the subsoil, and narrow the intervals to one-third less. I raise the produce, and bring it to one-third more. I speak under the mark in both. So that I need not blush to repeat, what I have ventured to say before, that the accident of living in a happier age has enabled me with infinite advantage to differ in practice from Jethro Tull.

This exposure of the subsoil I hold to be indispensable. The subsoil plough is useful, but not thoroughly effective on clay soil even for the time its usefulness lasts, and that is very brief. The clay soon comes together again, and all signs of the work are lost, like the flight of an arrow through the air. What is wanted is mineral food in a fit state to be taken up and assimilated by the plant, and that condition can only be attained by the continuous chemical action of the constituents of the atmosphere on the raw material of the inorganic substances brought to the surface. The mechanical action of the frost and the wind, the fork and the hoe accomplishes the rest, and accommodates the food to the wants of the feeder. One other agent, however, in this important affair of vegetable nutrition is still wanted. In ordinary farming, in dry seasons, the food may be abundantly present in the soil and yet the plant may starve, as it often does, from sheer inanition. It is powerless to penetrate the soil lying all around it and close to its

skin that is on the leaf of a hog, and bind on the parts effected. The grease that is in it keeps the parts moist, stops the itching, and causes no pain. I have tried it sixteen years, and always save some when I kill my hogs.

RATE AND RAT-HOLES.—It is better to stop rat-holes with pieces of sticks or chips chopped up into lengths of 1 or 2 inches, saturated with coal tar and rammed into their holes, than to pour it into them. My man covers up the mouths of the holes after being stopped, with sand or earth as being more convenient than mortar.—*London Gardner's Chronicle*.

PARASITES IN THE LUNGS OF SHEEP.—The presence of the *Strongylus Silaria* in the lungs of young sheep is a disease of frequent occurrence. Treatment.—Cause the diseased animals to inhale chlorine gas for an hour daily, which is effected by placing them in close sheds so arranged as not to permit the too rapid escape of this gas when generated.

Chlorine is obtained by alternately adding water and sulphuric acid to the chloride of lime placed in soup-plates or vessels of a similar shape. A few of these easily obtained vessels placed on the floor and distributed throughout the sheds will keep up a continuous supply of this gas, which must necessarily be conveyed to the lungs of the inmates during every inspiration.—*Corres. London Field*.

TO CLEANSE THE BARK OF TREES.—In speaking to the question before the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, held at Rochester, September 22d, "What are the best manures for the apple, pear, and other fruits, and what are the best means to renovate old apple orchards?" W. P. Townsend said that he remembered how the old orchard got all mossy, and his father set him to scrape the bark of the trees. After working awhile he got sick of it, and told his father if he would let him take the team and draw some manure into the old orchard, he could scrape the trees without injuring the bark. He drew in upon those premises an average of half a load to each tree. Next year the bark began to peel, and of course to bring with it the moss, and they increased in vigor. The next summer, turned the hogs in the orchard, and they pretty thoroughly rooted it all over. Even to the tops of the trees the old bark had started, and the body had all the thrifty and vigorous look of young trees. The fruit that used to be half or three-fourths wormy, is now fair, smooth and free from vermin. By invigorating the trees, he destroyed the insects that had destroyed the fruit.

Useful Receipts.

PUMPKIN PIES—NEW MODE OF MAKING.—My wife believes that she has discovered a new method of making pumpkin pies which has many advantages. Instead of stewing the pumpkin, bake it in large pieces with the skin on in the stove oven, then scoop out the pumpkin and treat it as stewed. The labor and care is very much diminished, and the pie improved in quality.—*Rural New Yorker*.

TO KEEP MOTHS FROM CLOTHES.—Nothing moths dislike so much as being disturbed. The clothes, &c., should therefore be taken out of the linen bag (a pillow-case tied or sewed at the open end is the best,) and well shaken once a month. A bag of clothes left unshaken is like an undisturbed fox cover, where there are plenty of rabbits, to a fox. He won't go away till he is forced to decamp by being hunted up. Moths can't bear tailo, and if curtains, &c., are put away for any time, I should recommend a pound of the common tailo candles to be put in paper and placed with them. In the museum of the Jardines des Plantes, at Paris, they told me they used benzoin collars to keep the moths out of the skins of the animals, and not a trace of a moth did I see in their miles of galleries of stuffed beasts. The other day I was asked what to do with a Crimean sheep-skin coat that had got the moth in it. I had it well shaken, and then benzoin collars rubbed in. It is not the moth that flies about that does the harm to the clothes, so much as the grub from which the moth comes—a white little creature, with a red head. I collected several of these grubs from the Crimean coat, and having moistened the palm of the hand with benzoin collar, I put the grubs on it. They began to twist and turn about, and were dead in a second or two. I should therefore recommend benzoin collar to destroy moth grubs when present, and also to keep them away. I read somewhere (but I can't recollect where) that cyanide of potassium was fatal to moths, and that they won't go near it. It would be worth trying this; and, I imagine, the best form to use it would be to buy some of the soap that photographers use to clean the nitrate of silver stains from their hands, and place it along with the clothes. But, after all, frequent shakings are the best antidotes to moths and their grubs.—F. T. BUCKLAND, in London Field.

TO RE-JAPAN OLD THAYE.—First clean them thoroughly with soap and water and a little rotten stone; then dry them by wiping and exposing them to the fire. Next, get some good copal varnish, mix it with some bronze powder, and apply with a brush to the denuded parts. After which set the tea-tray in an oven, at a heat of 212 or 300 deg. until the varnish is dry. Two coats will make it equal to new.

LEMON PRESERVE.—An excellent substitute for jam may be made as follows:—One pound of powdered loaf sugar, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two of them; the juice and rind of three fine lemons. Put the ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the whole gently over a slow fire until it becomes as thick as honey. Put it into small jars, and keep it in a cool, dry place.—MILLS.

ASH WINE.—There would be four lots of three arable acres each, a constant succession would be afforded each year, as above.

The six acres of broken land might be used for both meadow and pasture. If quite wet, underdraining would be indispensable, and add greatly to the product of the land. Four acres of pasture densely seeded down, (say half a bushel to a bushel of seed per acre,) and occasionally top-dressed in autumn with manure, would pasture the four cows; and the barley and wheat straw finely cut and mixed with meal, would assist in making out any deficiency in the fodder of cattle and horses.

The refuse fruit from a good apple orchard would help much in feeding and fattening swine, or in the increase of the milk of the cows in winter.

The manure, if fresh, should be applied to corn; if decayed in compost, to wheat. We have omitted oats as being rather exhausting for light soils, such as we suppose our correspondent possesses.—*Country Gentleman*.

RATE AND RAT-HOLES.—A gentleman whose house was literally overrun with vermin, adopted a novel but strictly philosophical method to dislodge them. Opening the floor at several places in the upper stories of his house, he placed there several vessels containing a mixture of sulphuric acid, black oxyde of manganese and common salt, and closed down the boards. The result was a slow decomposition and recombining of elements, in the progress of which the heavy, stifling gas, chlorine, was disengaged. This made its way along the open spaces, and down to the cellar. A few breaths of the poisonous atmosphere served to convince the rats that danger was at hand. Seizing what of their accumulated plunder they could, they hastened to abandon the premises, sneezing and weeping as they went, from having inhaled the noxious chlorine. Many months passed before one of the number ventured to return. An army of ants, moths, jugs, roaches, and other pestilential insects perished from the fumes.—*N. Y. Eve. Post*.

A RECEIPT FOR FROSTED FERT AND CHILBLAINS.—WARRED TO CURE.—Take the thin skin that is on the leaf of a hog, and bind on the parts effected. The grease that is in it keeps the parts moist, stops the itching, and causes no pain. I have tried it sixteen years, and always save some when I kill my hogs.

G. J. M.

Ether, like wine, brings out the truth. Some time ago a surgeon at our hospital was making a new nose for a horrible looking female patient. Ether was administered. She ejaculated, "I know I am not pretty, but I have pretty ways."—*Boston Transcript*.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 5, 10, 22, 7, 17, 28, 1, is the god of time.

My 16, 9, 41, 32, was a youth beloved by Cybele.

My 2, 12, 15, 18, 38, 3, was the mother of the Pleiades.

My 26, 41, 25, 6, 26, 46, 31, is the goddess of health.

My 19, 41, 25, 6, 28, 17, 15, 39, was an island sacred to the worship of Venus.

My 36, 42, 51, 41, 37, 39, was destroyed by Hercules.

My 19, 35, 45, 41, 40, 18, 34, 32, was turned into a whirlpool for stealing the oxen of Hercules.

My 31, 53, 12, 16, 39, 37, 34, 43, 48, 32, were the daughters of Atlas.

My 6, 13, 2, 38, 12, 41, 54, 16, was the queen of the Amazons.

My 21, 41, 2, 50, 9, 16, was one of the harpies.

My 2, 52, 8, 23, 37, 49, 1, were household gods.

My 16, 30, 27, 45, 15, were goddesses of time.

My 49, 23, 12, 7, 17, 13, 16, was empress of the valley.

My 47, 15, 12, 13, 23, was one of the names of Diana.

My 29, 12, 7, 22, 16, was the goddess of flowers.

My whole is a much admired oration and the author's name.

M. E. S.

Collinsburg, La.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 9, 14, 29, we could not do without.

My 10, 18, 6, 2, 21, we should do.

My 27, 11, 23, 15, is a useful utensil.

My 2, 5, 9, 11, 23, 4, is a farming utensil.

My 16, 19, 5, 9, is seen at night.

My 1, 8, 7, 17, is used by Indians.

My 39, 23, 4, is an animal.

My 24, 11, 23, 25, 1, is seen in winter.

My 2, 23, 20, 9, is a division of time.